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## HOME.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Without, the night is chill and cold;

Within the fire is bright,  
And shelter red in home's happy fold

We dread no storm to-night.

We see the white snow falling fast,

We hear the wild winds shriek,

But listening to the mournful blast,

A smile is on each cheek.

But, ah, this dreary winter night,

How many wanderers roam,

Who shiver at the wind's delight

And know no place for home.

God pity all the homeless ones,

Wherever they may roam,

And grant them, all their wanderings done,

A place in God's dear home.

## Happy Jack and Pard;

OR,

The White Chief of the Sioux.

A ROMANCE OF SPORTS AND PERILS OF POST AND PLAIN.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

### CHAPTER I.

A FRONTIER FESTIVAL.

"MAKES a fellow just sorry for the old Indian fashion, eh, pard'r," can't say as I ever hankered after the 'winning' critters—they're mostly generally had medicine in 'em, they are. A many lodges big enough to hold them an' luck, too, to *my* notion; but when I fast lay eyes on *her*, I had to fight mighty hard inside myself to keep from snatching her up an' makin' a tail-on-end race fer it—I did say!"

"There's another man who thinks much the same, or his eyes speak false," quietly remarked the young man addressed, with a slight nod toward the small, flag-draped platform or pavilion. "He must be a new-comer, for I never saw him before."

"They ain't many men as care to see him twice. Take a good squar' look an' see what you kin make out from his face."

The speakers—who are destined to figure prominently in this chronicle—were standing a little apart from the main gathering, and both were men who would attract attention in any crowd, though strong contrasts in nearly every respect.

The first speaker was scarcely of medium height; his limbs were small, but admirably rounded, and though at first glance he seemed almost effeminate, his strength, activity and wonderful skill in almost every species of athletics had long since passed into a proverb. His features were clear-cut and regular, and would have been fairly handsome only for the high cheekbones. His face was smooth and beardless, though the hair of his head was unusually heavy, falling in straight black masses below his shoulders. His eyes, though rather small, were wonderfully bright and keen, and few men could meet them fairly without an uncomfortable feeling of being read through and through.

His garments were almost severely plain, of Indian tanned buck-skin, and minus all the fringes and beadings most men of his class are so fond of. Even his weapons were unornamented. Yet one object about him shone and sparkled in the sunlight: a beautifully-embroidered and ornamented pouch hung upon his breast—a "medicine-sack."

Such was William—or "BILL COMSTOCK," the scout and guide. His career, though briefer, was no less famous than that of Wild Bill or Buffalo Bill, and to this day many a rough voice grows soft, many a hard eye dims, as the memory of the heart-edged scout is recalled to mind. "True as steel to a friend—bitter as death to an enemy, he died in harness, nobly performing his duty; and now lies in a nameless grave. Peace to his ashes!"

His companion—known far and wide as "Happy Jack"—was rising six feet, broad-shouldered, full-chested, with a round, compact waist, swelling hips and long limbs; a model of strength and symmetry. His complexion was fair, his features almost classically regular, his eyes large and deep blue. A heavy mustache shaded his lips, while a magnificent chevelure hung in yellow curls to his shoulders. His dress, like that of his partner, was mainly of buck-skin, and bore traces of recent hard riding and rough living.

"Unless my eyes deceive me," he said, after a steady gaze in the direction indicated by Comstock, "that man is what you rarely see—a brave tyrant! God help the man—or woman—whose only hope is in *his* mercy!"

"I knowed you'd seen me," cracked the scout, softly. "That's Captain Stone, of the—tho' he led his men such a dog's life that his friends managed to get him changed to this raiment. I don't know he'd a' lived through the next skirmish—indeed, the boys didn't make no secret of it, but said right out that he'd die from ahind, the very first chaine that come."

"He doesn't look like a man who would run from even such a danger," thoughtfully said Happy Jack.

"No more he would—without a fa' cause," grinned Comstock, nodding toward the pavilion.

"To do him justice, they ain't a more dare-devil man, nur a better Injun-fighter than him. But *thar's* the little gal kin take him into camp!"

"I feel sorry for *her*," was the scout's only reply.

The subject of this brief conversation was seated beside a lady near the upper end of the pavilion. Bill, well proportioned, dark and handsome, a finely-educated man with rare conversational powers. Captain Lawrence Stone was laying himself out to please the young lady beside him with an interest and ardor that he made no attempt to disguise from the eyes of those around. Indeed, so impressive did his air become that the lady arose and hastily approached the edge of the pavilion nearest the crowd. Captain Stone followed, a hot flush passing swiftly across his brow.

The unpolished though sincere praise of the scout had not been unfounded. Kate Markham, daughter of the colonel commanding, was indeed a beautiful woman. That she was barely up to



"That's enough, pard!" cried Happy Jack. "You mean well, but I don't need any man to fight my battles."

convince you at any time or place you may choose to name. Meanwhile, if you have any doubts, you can settle them by one word with Colonel Markham. Here is the money—cover it, over that you are talking just for the sake of hearing your own voice!"

"You have said more than enough," replied Captain Stone, in a voice that trembled despite his iron nerves. "Lieutenant Blake, will you do us the honor to hold stakes? Thanks. I trust you are satisfied?" he added, abruptly turning to Happy Jack.

"Perfectly," bowed the scout.

"I hope you may be able to say as much by this time to-morrow," and with a little laugh the captain strode away toward the pavilion.

"You've stirred up an ugly devil, pard," earnestly said Comstock, as they turned away from the little crowd. "He's giv' his rattle; he'll wait long to have strikin'!"

"At another time, I suppose, he would have had time to do either," was the quiet reply. "He did not crowd us like that for nothing. I can't imagine his reasons, but I feel that he came here simply to pick a quarrel."

"I reckon he couldn't come to a better place fer gettin' the full wuth o' his money," grinned Comstock.

"I'll do my best to satisfy him, at least. But now—about this bet; what is the saddle offered for?"

"The old trick—you remember the fun we had down Taos way? Pluckin' the cock—el gallo."

"Old 'Paint' will do, then," muttered the scout, glancing toward a curiously-spotted mustang. "I don't need nothin' else. I wouldn't like to trust 'em to the 'muck'—he's not a mean devil."

"You'll need a fast an' a good horse, sure. The man is a born devil to ride, an' the tricks he don't know ain't wuth much. You'd better take my critter."

"No old 'Paint' know me better, and is plenty fresh enough. See! there goes the gallant captain with a choice companion for one who will bet only with gentlemen!"

"Injun Dan! the blackest thief unhung! I'd give a hoss to know jest what they're sayin'. Ha! I knowed it! they're goin' to saddle up. Good enough! I reckon I'll take a hand in the fun."

"Then we think—"

"I think that of Mister Injun Dan tries any o' his incherhan tricks, he'll run aginst a smag. I won't interfere unless he does. You never mind him, but just keep an eye on the cap'n."

"It's fer her, pard. She came out here from somewhere in the States; I reckon, whar she's bin to school, or sick like. She come out here a week ago, an' the old man he lowed her show how proud he was, by givin' an' yaller dog'll be here. They're money in it, too, lettin' 'em have the fun. The old man don't often git off o' his reg'lar beat, but when he do, he just spreads hisself wide open—your hear me?" and the enthusiastic scout hurried off his friend to view the various prizes which were to be awarded to the victors in the coming sports.

For the most part these were particularly appropriate, considering the popular contestants: a beautiful mare with a brace of revolvers, a saber, a silver-mounted saddle and horse furniture, together with smaller prizes of money, ammunition, etc. While examining these, the two scouts were suddenly separated as two officers pressed rudely between them. The taller one pointed out the saddle, saying in a clear tone:

"I mean to carry off that prize, and as a proof that I mean what I say, I am ready to wager one hundred dollars with any gentleman—"

"Money talks," quickly uttered Happy Jack, shaking off the hand of his friend and facing the officer. "I accept your wager, Captain Stone."

"And who may you be?" insolently demanded the officer, eying the scout from head to foot. "I said any gentleman—"

"I claim to be one, sir, as I will cheerfully

would have seen that he was actually siding Happy Jack, and urging the *melee* on toward the now near turning-post. Then it was that Old Paint played his part in genuine mustang style, biting, kicking and plunging furiously as the horses crowded him, all the time edging slowly but steadily toward the post. And Happy Jack—a dozen eyes could not have followed his motions. Now erect, holding the cock high above the wildly-gesticulating hands, now lying low upon Old Paint's back; again, hanging by one foot in a loop, his body almost touching the trampled sands, first on one side, then the other, and more than once slipping entirely to the ground when pressed too close; but all the time working his way toward the boundary, never once losing his grasp upon the now loudly-squealing cock.

Then, for the first time, he called upon Old Paint, and right nobly the mustang responded, plunging ahead with an impetus that would not be denied, bursting clear through the crowd and sweeping around the boundary post, Happy Jack holding the cock aloft that all might see, then making a bold sweep over the prairie, the spotted mustang developing a burst of speed that astonished all who had rated him according to his first display.

Though now leading the ruck, Happy Jack saw that his work was not yet done. Just abreast him rode one man, who thus far had been contented with hanging upon the edge of the *melee*, though closely watching every move in the rapidly-shifting scene. Rightly, Happy Jack looked at the big, clean-lined black, and uttered a low whistle that sent Old Paint forward as though hurled from a catapult. But the big black kept its distance, apparently without any extra effort. Indeed the taut reins told a plain story of more speed held in reserve. The scout saw, too, that unless there was a speedy change, the two horses would come fairly together long before the goal was reached. Already the distance was so short that he could plainly read the sneering smile that curled Captain Stone's lips, and in that moment he felt that he would rather suffer death than defeat at the hands of such a man. Yet he dare not slacken speed for that would be to plunge again into the thick of the crowd, and his exertions were beginning to tell upon Old Paint, who had covered over a hundred miles within the last forty hours.

He had little time for thought. The goal was now close at hand, and Captain Stone could afford to dally no longer. He loosened the rein, and the big black was beside Old Paint almost at a bound. And in the one instant that intervened, Happy Jack read the purpose of his rival. He saw the devilish glint in the stern black eyes, he read the vicious smile as the strong hand pulled hard upon the cruel curb. The black horse reared high in the air—then plunged madly forward as the rein was suddenly released, his hoofs striking rankly upon the spotted mustang's back, just where Happy Jack had been sitting an instant before, crushing him to the earth, and almost losing his own footing.

A cry of horror arose from the gathering, as they saw the mustang go down—but then a wild, prolonged, and enthusiastic cheer arose, as they saw the scout leap from the ground and alight upon the black horse, directly behind the soldier—saw him struggle for an instant with his rival, then guide the black horse swiftly on—on to the winning post. They saw that he still held the cock that his arms held those of Captain Stone pressed close to his side, his own hands grasping the reins and bird, he passed before the judge, who promptly nodded his head.

The crowd was springing lightly to the ground, with an absurdly polite bow to the almost suffocated captain, whose lips fairly frothed with rage and mortification.

### CHAPTER II.

#### WILD SPORTS OF THE PLAINS.

"Give me a knife—a pistol, somebody—quick!" snarled Captain Stone, fairly crazed by the loud cheers and peals of laughter that greeted the bold exploit of the scout. "Curse you! I tell you, stand out!" and he sprang to the ground, striding toward the smiling scout, evidently bent on mischief.

"Here you've got it, cap'n," cried Bill Comstock, as he leaped between the two, confronting the infuriated officer with a cocked and leveled revolver. "Here's the bull-pup you was axin' fer—an' its bite means sudden death, too!"

"That's enough, pard!" cried Happy Jack, thrusting the scout aside with a strong hand. "You mean well, but I don't need any man to fight my battles."

"Down with that weapon, Comstock! down. I say, or your arm will be one hand to the scouter!"

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"I say, or

don't want you to get into trouble on my account."

"I don't often cut into 'mother teller's' pie but—you'll just laugh at me as you've done afore—I tell you, pard, it's 'tough' to me!" I knew it the first time I saw you talkin' to him, I knowed thar'd be a difficulty; I saw a blood a'ween ye—the heart's blood of one o' ye. I know you don't take no stock in such things; but I've seen 'em proved, time an' ag'in, an' I never read the *medicine* wrong yet! Ef I was to ax it as a favor, wouldn't you war this? touching the gayly embroidered pouch upon his breast.

"And leave you defenseless against witches and spooks? No, pard; I know you are in sober earnest, and I thank you, but at the same time you must let me go my own way. Only—I will not take any step toward settlement with this gentleman."

"Good enough! We'll let it go at that. An' now—I reckon you hain't forgot the good old greased style? Brace up, an' show these blue-coats how a true mountain man kin put on the givewine style! Yender she is, a-lookin' straight this-a-way, to see which one o' us is the pusiest!"

Happy Jack glanced toward the pavilion, and a faint flush tinged his cheeks as he saw Kate Markham, seated beside her parent, but with her bright eyes unmistakably dwelling upon himself. Acting upon an impulse, he cracked several long feathers from his pocket back into the bushes, and, separating, began sweeping around in a circle, keeping directly opposite each other, and divided by about fifty yards of space. As in the game of *el gallo*, Happy Jack rode in strict Indian fashion, while Comstock used saddle and bridle. The former bore a long, straight, well-tempered scabbard; the latter his revolvers, while a small round Indian shield of buffalo-hide was upon his left arm.

At a swift, steady gallop the horses circled around, then Happy Jack suddenly disappeared behind his steed's body. The spectators heard a sharp *twang*, and an arrow flashed from deadly force direct at Comstock's heart. One moment later the scout's pistol spoke sharply. As he circled around, facing the crowd, a loud cheer arose as they saw the feathered shaft quivering deep in the hair-stuffed shield. Again and again came the twang of the taut bowstring, answered by a sharp peep lookin' gal" muttered the stranger, following Kate's graceful motions with a strangely intent gaze. "I reckon they lied when they said she was gwinne to ride in the race this afternoon?"

"Eyes open, pard!" hastily muttered Comstock. "That's a snarke around!" and he slightly nodded his head toward the figure of Captain Stone, who was slowly approaching them.

Happy Jack arose to his feet as the officer paused before him. Though unusually pale, the captain had lost all trace of his mad rage and mortification, and when he spoke his voice was calm and even.

"Will you favor me with half a dozen words in private, Mr. —?"

"You can call me Happy Jack, captain. As for the rest, I am entirely at your service. Gentlemen, will you oblige us?"

With one warning glance, Comstock turned away, together with the stranger, but though he passed beyond ear-shot, he kept close enough to witness all that transpired.

"I know what you anticipate," said Stone, quietly; "but that is not my object just at present. I was obliged to pass my word to Colonel Markham, or else be placed under guard. I did pledge it, for this one day. I see you understand me. There is no need of

you to ask the first sight of your face, and I know that you do not exactly love me. Just

I ask another chance. You have a noble horse, and I have another. I challenge you to ride against me this afternoon. If I lose, you may name the forfeit; if I win, I will claim the same right. Do you agree?"

"To ride the race? yes; but I prefer that the stakes be named beforehand," quietly responded Happy Jack. "As you know, I am a simple scout."

"What I ask will not break you," interrupted Stone, with a harsh, forced laugh. "It is a mere fancy of mine—that knot of ribbons upon your breast."

"I thought as much! No, Captain Stone, you haven't wealth enough to stake against this, even though you flung your own life in the balance against it."

"A noble guardian for a lady's favor!" sneered the officer. "The ribbon should have been snow-white, to match the heart it covers!"

"You have said more than enough, Captain Stone," sternly uttered the scout. "Hands are tied here, but repeat those words to-morrow, and I will cram them down your lying throat!"

"You shall have the chance—then it is agreed?" he added, in a changed tone, as he caught sight of Colonel Markham hastening toward the spot. "Colonel, you will be witness? This gentleman and I have agreed to run our horse against the first sight of your face, and I know that you do not exactly love me. Just

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"You shall have the chance—then it is agreed?" he added, in a changed tone, as he caught sight of Colonel Markham hastening toward the spot. "Colonel, you will be witness? This gentleman and I have agreed to run our horse against the first sight of your face, and I know that you do not exactly love me. Just

I ask another chance. You have a noble horse, and I have another. I challenge you to ride against me this afternoon. If I lose, you may name the forfeit; if I win, I will claim the same right. Do you agree?"

"To ride the race? yes; but I prefer that the stakes be named beforehand," quietly responded Happy Jack. "As you know, I am a simple scout."

"What I ask will not break you," interrupted Stone, with a harsh, forced laugh. "It is a mere fancy of mine—that knot of ribbons upon your breast."

"I thought as much! No, Captain Stone, you haven't wealth enough to stake against this, even though you flung your own life in the balance against it."

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AN IDYL OF THE PAST.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON.

The sunset kissed the yellow hill,  
In the van of the first star shore,  
Twilight shrouded cliff and mill,  
And darkened hall and home,  
From o'er the wave the vesper bell  
Bung forth the hour of prayer—  
On the tower the moonlight fell,  
And on the stony stair.

The wind swept up the river plain—  
A gentle sea-breeze—  
Came along the winding lane,  
And o'er the dewy leas—  
Around my heart the shadows fell—  
Only a word I said;  
But sadder seemed that last farewell—  
Than a farewell to the dead!

Wife or Widow?

OR,

ETHELIND ERLE'S ENEMY.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "A GIRL'S HEART," "A DANGEROUS WOMAN," "THE WRONGED HEIRESS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

INVESTIGATIONS.

"A moment stop! my lord, my lord,  
Spare me—I kneel to you and wet the ground  
With tears."

—BARRY CORNWALL.

Poor Dolores passed an anxious and sleepless night after the committal of her husband for trial.

About nine o'clock the next morning, having dressed herself in a suit of plain black, and put on her bonnet and shawl, she was about to leave the house when Aunt Jerry stalked out of the drawing-room, and planted herself directly in the way.

"Where are you going?" she demanded, in a curt tone.

"To visit my husband."

Aunt Jerry drew herself up with an angry snort.

"Your husband!" she sneered. "That wretch is no more your husband than I am. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Dolores Glynne."

Dolores bit her lip, and made an effort to pass on; but again she was intercepted.

"Stay where you are, you shall never pass out of that door bound on such a reprehensible errand."

"It is my duty to go," said Dolores, gently but firmly. "Please stand aside."

"Duty!" shrieked Aunt Jerry. "It is your duty to yield obedience to those who are older and wiser than yourself. Go back to the drawing-room, and planted herself directly in the way.

"I cannot. My husband expects me; I must go to him."

"I forbid you to go."

"But you have no authority to control my actions. I owe submission to none save my God and my dear husband."

Aunt Jerry trembled with passion.

"Girl, is it your deliberate purpose to defy me?" she raved.

"No, I have no wish to do that," said Dolores, still speaking in a calm and gentle voice, though there was a flush of fire in her brilliant dark eyes. "But you should not usurp authority that does not rightfully belong to you. If you do, I have no resource but to rebel."

There was a silence. Suddenly Aunt Jerry caught hold of the girl's hand—her own was cold as ice—and saying "Come with me," in a dry, hard voice, drew her forward into the drawing-room. All that was mortal of Egbert Challoner lay there waiting for the last salutes, which were to be performed at a later hour of that same day. The burial had been postponed as long as possible that Raymond might be present and superintend arrangements himself.

Aunt Jerry drew the shrinking girl close up to the coffin, which stood in the middle of the darkened room.

"Look there!" she said, in a raised voice, uncovering the face of the dead. "Look at your poor, murdered grandfather, and then go to the wretch who assassinated him if you have the heart to do it!"

Dolores burst into tears.

"Don't, Aunt Jerry. You shock and distress me. My burden is heavier than I can well bear, already."

Struggling clear of those relentless hands, Dolores hurried back to the hall, and sinking on a chair, gave way to a perfect storm of sorrow.

"You do feel ashamed of yourself—that is evident," said Aunt Jerry, grimly, for she had followed the girl.

"No, it isn't that. But a trouble like this is so horrid. Sometimes I almost give way. But Vincent is innocent of poor grandpa's death! Did I not believe this from the depths of my soul I should shrink from him in as great horror as you do."

"Poor fool! Did not the murdered man's very last words fix the crime upon that villain?"

"It was a mistake—a dreadful mistake," shivered poor Dolores. "There was no light in the room, and grandpa must have taken some one else for Vincent."

"Poor deluded fool!"

"I would stake my life on his innocence, and have told him so."

"You intend to cling to him in spite of every thing?"

"I do."

"Mad girl! It is a wonder that your murderer does not rise out of his coffin to re-possess you."

Dolores absolutely wiped away her tears.

"Appearances are very much against my husband," she said, very low. "But that is no reason why I should condemn him. Some day, this mystery will be cleared up, and I shall try to be patient until that time comes."

And before Aunt Jerry could raise another objection, Dolores had quietly stepped past, and left the house.

Like all gentle, loving women, she listened not to the voice of reason, but to that of her heart. In spite of the damning evidence against him, it was still impossible for her to believe Vincent guilty of the heinous crime laid to his charge.

She found him pacing the floor of his cell, pale but calm. He had already had an interview with Mr. Nolan, the attorney who had been secured to defend him, and the man had just gone away with the frank admission that he could be promised to be the most difficult one he had ever handled.

At the sight of his wife, however, the prisoner attempted to banish every appearance of concern from his manner and countenance; and embracing her, said cheerfully:

"You come into my cell like a sunbeam, Dolores, only you are much more welcome."

"I have brought you a little package," said Dolores, speaking in a hurried tone, to hide her agitation. "Here it is, and taking a roll of bank-notes from her pocket she spread them on the little table underneath the window.

"Why, where did you get so much money?" Vincent asked, in a tone of surprise.

"It was intrusted to me by your sister Ethelind before she went away, yesterday afternoon. She said this would secure a great many comforts that you might otherwise be compelled to do without. And she wished me to urge upon you the necessity of employing the very best counsel in the State for your defense. Her purse is at your command."

"Heaven bless her!" cried the poor prisoner, in a tone of deep emotion. "I know she would do anything in the world to help me."

Then, forcing a smile, he added:

"I feel very rich, darling. See, I can duplicate the sum you have brought, note by note."

So indeed he could. For, producing a second roll very similar in appearance to the first, he placed a note of like denomination upon each of those Dolores had laid down.

Looking into her wondering eyes, he said: "This is Colonel Falkner's gift. He pushed this money into my hand when he came to say good-by."

"I am very glad."

Before she said add another word, the cellar door was opened, and the warden ushered in a small, quiet-looking man who proved to be none other than our old friend, Detective Ferret.

When the warden had withdrawn, and Vincent turned to greet the detective, Dolores placed herself beside him and said, eagerly:

"I intended this as a surprise, my love. I sent for Mr. Ferret, and have secured his services that the mysterious crime for which you suffer may be thoroughly investigated."

"Thank you, Dolores. It was, perhaps, the wisest thing you could have done."

Mr. Ferret quietly helped himself to a chair.

"What defense did you offer at the examination, Mr. Erle?" he said, fixing his light gray eyes upon the young man's face.

"None, except to put in the plea of 'not guilty' to earn the magistrate's and jury that I had left Mr. Challoner's grounds immediately after parting with Dolores, and had set out for Glenoaks without a moment's delay."

"What proof did you offer to substantiate your statement?"

"Alas, I had none save my simple word."

The detective appeared to ruminant for some time. At length he said:

"You may tell everything you can remember that has any bearing upon the events of that fatal night."

Vincent and Dolores, together, were enabled to give Mr. Ferret a very clear idea of the events that had already come to light. The two points in which he manifested particular interest, however, were those of Madam Zoe's mysterious disappearance, and the fact that Aunt Jerry had encountered a woman in the corridor when she was hurrying down-stairs after having been aroused by the cries of the murdered.

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burned within was the only indication that the room had been inhabited at all that evening.

Gray, leaden clouds covered the whole heavens like a pall. Even the night-birds were still; and the heavy, oppressive scent of flowers filled the air almost to faintness.

Plunging at once into the shrubbery, Colonel Falkner walked thoughtfully in the direction of the sea. He had not brooded far, however, when he saw some dark object fit swiftly from one group of evergreens to another, and pause there as if to rest or reconnoiter, though in all its movements there was an evident desire for silent observation.

"It is Ethelind," he thought. "Rash girl! She should not be wandering abroad at this hour of the night."

Sheltering himself behind a convenient trellis, he waited for the dark figures to come toward him. Several minutes elapsed before it moved at all, and then, as if in a sudden accession of courage, it started up and glided swiftly past within three or four yards of Colonel Falkner's hiding-place.

To his intense surprise, the figure did not prove to be Ethelind's after all, but that of a strange lady dressed in black, whose head and face were closely muffled in a thick veil.

The colonel feit his eyes flush; but, looking searchingly at the girl, he divined the truth instantly. She was aware of his unsuccessful visits, and being of a sentimental turn of mind had built up quite a romance in which he and Mrs. Faunce played the leading roles. All her sympathies seemed to be enlisted in his cause.

"I am the lady's very good friend," he answered, "and it pains me to be denied the pleasure of an interview."

"You seem very anxious to see my mistress, sir," said the girl, abruptly.

"Perhaps you are her lover, sir?"

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"Perhaps you



JANE SHORE.

1482.

BY T. C. HARRAUGH.

The king is gone! another *fele!*  
When will these pleasures cease to whelm  
The life that longs with death to mate—  
The king is gone! another *fele!*  
What! faded? No! my mirror tells  
That I am fair as when that day,  
For me rang out the wedding bells,  
And Cleopatra smiled to see me gay!

There was a time!—could I forget!—  
When I was happy by the side  
Of one who somewhere lingers yet—  
What! won my girlhood's guileless pride.  
But now!—no, man, I!  
A loathsome yet a lovely thing,  
Unto my God a living lie!  
The puppet of a warlike king!

His wife? no! I am not his wife!  
There is a name I durst not speak,  
That which I am—will be the life!  
Like heated iron, it sears my cheek.  
The iron of his remorseless stones  
falls on my brain, and guiltless drip;  
Its icy terrors chill my bones;  
And Judas-like makes every lip.

I am the king's! That word again  
That haunts my pillow in the night!  
It burns into my tortured brain,  
Never to be exiled from my sight!  
To me, Edward's countries all,  
A hardened scoundrel, fawning band;  
Eager to catch the wiles that fall  
From lips, the falsest in the land!

He made me what I am! His word  
Is law unto the Eng'ish race!  
I'd rather he'd rusted sword  
Than bear this moment of disgrace.  
Then—then, thank God! I would forget;  
A sword hath neither heart nor brain;  
A trusted sword is soon what,  
Except by tears or crimson rain.

My Arab Angel.

A Story of the Great Syrian Desert.

BY COL DELLE SARA.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1868, found me standing, a free man, in the streets of Cairo, in Cairo, the city of the pyramids, the oasis, that amphibious town built by man's genius in about the worst swamp and on the most unlikely spot for a city—leaving the two rivers out of the question—that could be chosen; but Cairo, Egypt, the land of the pyramids, the kingdom of the khedive.

After our late "unpleasantness" was over, like a great many others, used to years of military life, and not knowing what on earth to do to get a decent living in any civil occupation, I emigrated to Mexico and entered Maximilian's service, where, like the rest, I received more kicks than half-pence; the downfall of the emperor, abandoned by that prince of jugglers and charlatans, the Dutchman who dazzled France with the name of Napoleon, and humbugged all Europe into the belief that he was a statesman, and betrayed by the scurvy Mexican officers, who he trusted, set me once more free to sell my sword in the highest bidder. And as the Khedive of Egypt, at that time, was making flattering offers to American officers to enter his service, I was induced to negotiate, and finally accepted a position in his forces.

After a fair trial, though, I became dissatisfied, and then had the luck to become involved, despite myself, in a quarrel with one of the civil officers of the khedive, a portly, arrogant Englishman, who had an idea that he knew about everything that was worth knowing, and that everybody ought to give way to him. Well, this gentleman took offense at some remarks of mine, forced me into a quarrel, and finally challenged me. In my hot-headed way, I accepted, and had the satisfaction of putting a bullet through the shoulder of my antagonist at the first fire. I could easily have put it through his head, but I didn't wish to kill the man, for I have been a dead-shot with the revolver ever since I was six years old.

This little affair terminated my engagement with his lordship of Egypt, and so, as I said at the beginning, Christmas morning found me a free man, wondering in what direction I should next turn my footsteps.

A passer-by accosted me, an honest Hebrew merchant of my acquaintance—Moses Cohen by name.

Noticing that I was in plain clothes he inquired the reason.

I explained that I was no longer in the Egyptian service.

"And what are you going to do now?" he asked.

I replied that I had not yet decided.

"If you have a few hundred dollars that you care to invest in trade, I can put you in the way of making a good thing of it," with a knowing wink.

As I happened to be pretty well situated as far as money was concerned, I at once resolved to embrace the offer, particularly as I knew Cohen to be a shrewd, honest fellow, and so I told him that I would be pleased to join in the enterprise.

He gave me the details at once.

A caravan was about to start from Cairo and penetrate into the Syrian Desert, there to traffic with a certain tribe of Arabs for horses, those of the desert, "shod with fire," and for which there is always such an excellent market.

I went with my honest Hebrew friend at once and was introduced to his partners in the enterprise.

Two days later we set out.

Counting our servants we mustered some fifteen strong, a force rather small to encounter the perils of the desert, I thought, and so I pressed my opinion to my associates; but they assured me that there was no danger; that the wild tribes never molested the trading caravans, but I noticed, though, that my honest friends were careful to keep a vigilant watch after nightfall.

The danger that I dreaded came at last; we were some fifty miles from the town of Boxrah and had got fairly into the desert, and were within two days' journey of our objective point, when our camp was rudely awakened from its slumber one night by a fierce and sudden attack.

The Arabs—a horde of thieves of all the wild tribes—were upon us in full force.

Our sentries had slumbered upon their posts, and the first thing we knew of the attack was the wild yell of the fierce warriors right in our midst.

Sleeping I constantly did with my hand on my revolver-but, I was ready for action in an instant. I let fly three shots and then, a fierce Bedouin—a gray-bearded old chaps evidently a man of no little boldness down; I partly dodged the horse, saw the flash of the rider's steel as he whirled his saber in the air, and understanding that my head was in danger, threw up my arm to ward off the blow.

My head escaped the full force of the shock, although getting a pretty smart tap, but my arm suffered, and, somehow, over I went in a swoon. I fancy that the horse pranced sideways, knocked me down and then trod on me; anyway, when I recovered I was sore in every limb.

Some time elapsed before I recovered my senses. When I came to it was broad daylight and I found myself reclining on a sumptuous couch in an apartment well furnished after the Eastern style; my arm had been placed in a sling, refreshments were on a low stool by my couch, and a few paces from my bedside, reclining on an ottoman, was a fair a dusky maid as every eye had looked upon.

An Arab angel and no mistake!  
Her hands were clasped together in her lap, and with her large lustrous eyes she was gazing languidly into my face.

No Arab tent was this sumptuous apartment, and I marveled much as to where I was.

"You are not dead, oh! Frank!" the girl cried, her voice low and musical.

"No, I believe not," I answered, "although at the first sight of you I was inclined to believe that I was and had come straight to Paradise."

She laughed; woman-like, she was not averse to flattery.

"Oh, no," she replied; "you are still on earth and in great danger. Do you know where you are?"

"I do not," I answered. "The Arabs are to blame for my wounded arm and my present disabled condition; but this is not an Arab tent."

"No; you are in Boxrah, in the house of Pasha Ali Jih."

I could not repress an exclamation of astonishment. When we had passed through Boxrah Cohen had told me that the pasha of the town was a most inveterate old scoundrel, and was suspected of being in league with the robbers of the desert for a ransom.

I thought that it was best not to deny this pleasant fiction, for the old scoundrel of a pasha would not be apt to injure the goose that he believed would lay golden eggs for him, but I expressed my surprise that the pasha of a Turkish town should dare allow himself to be mixed up with a gang of robbers.

Ah, but he is a cunning old wretch; he will not let any one know that you are here. He will send word to your friends that you are in the hands of the robbers, and that he will negotiate with them to release you. He is a vile old wretch—my husband!"

I was rather astonished at this admission, made in perfect sincerity, but I held my peace.

"I am his wife!" she continued, her lip curling in scorn; "his tenth wife; he bought me of my father who was greedy enough to sell me to this old dog. But, I am a true child of the desert, and the pasha has never even dared to lay his hand upon me since I came here. He knows that I wear a dagger and that I am not afraid to use it. He trusts that in time I will be content, and so let me do about as I like, but I will never be content with him; I want a Frank for a husband."

This was rather a strong declaration, and under the peculiar circumstances I felt a little embarrassed; but this child of nature never took least notice of my hesitation, but proceeded coolly on her speech:

"Why don't you go to the basement door?" asked the servant, sharply, on seeing only an old beggar-woman before him.

"Because I have business with your new mistress," she answered, quite unawed by his digressions.

"That might prove to be a large sum!"

"Ay, but your portion will be nine times larger!" Let me tell you first, Myra Wainwright, that I have come to you first, for a reason of my own; but that, if I am dissatisfied with you, I will go to the *Brave Barbara*, etc.

CHAPTER VII.

A MESSAGE.

BY E. Z. WAY.

You only half-promised me, brownie,  
When on your lips trembled adieu,  
To press from life's roses the honey  
So precious to him and to you.

Your maidenly coyness was pretty;  
Your eyes they were tender and deep,  
And in their still depths glowed the pity  
That shadowed the secret you'd keep.

You said: "I'll be sisterly—loving,  
And gracious as sister can prove;  
I'll give him all trust worth bestowing—  
But not that one proof of my love!"

Is your life so filled up with blisses,  
Dear brownie, who can say *noway*?  
To passion you know such as his—  
To love no test can unsay!

Oh! beautiful sophist! no longer  
Clasp the dull chain round you cast!  
And, proud in your grace, grow the stronger.  
To own yourself conquered at last!

Madcap,

The Little Quakeress;

OR,

THE NAVAL CADET'S WOOING.

A Romance of the Best Society of the Penn City.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,  
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "WAR OF HEARTS," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

MEANTIME the beggar to whom he had given alms with a recommendation to her to seek some place of shelter immediately, seemed in no hurry to get out of the cold and coming darkness; she continued to sit where she was, pretty though protected by her thick shawl, drawn over head and ears, until the lamplighter set the gas to blazing in lamp in front of her; then she arose and crawled up to the door, ringing the bell.

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"But you cannot give her what is *mine*!"

"Ay, is it *yours*? Do no doubts trouble you? Are there none to labor in your cousin's cause?"

"I am not gainsaying you," asserted Myra, beginning to tremble. "I am willing to accept your terms, as soon as you prove to me your right to make them."

The woman again glanced about the room, went to the two doors—each of which closed behind soft blue draperies so as to appear part of the wall—dropped off her ugly shawl and stood before the heiress looking quite another.

The stranger closed the door and Myra seated herself in a blue-satin-and-gilt chair, in an indolent attitude.

"Describe my future husband, please," she said, pertly.

"He is tall, slender, dark-brown hair, gray eyes—a little under thirty years old. He has a scar on his left hand made by the bite of a horse; he is fond of horses," the woman went on, slowly, holding the tiny hand of the girl, with the palm open to her inspection.

"You have seen him!" cried Myra, blushing brightly.

"Yes, I've strayed now holding Myra's hand firmly in her strong grasp. "I have seen John Garwell. I did not come here to practice upon you the trickeries of a Gipsy. I came to you, Myra Wainwright, because I'm the possessor of a secret which you would almost give this to know. Can any one hear us?" looking about her.

"No, I think not. My cousin is up-stairs the servants at their dinner. We can speak low," answered Myra, speaking eagerly.

With natural quickness she had connected the assertion of the woman that she was a Cuban with some secret which should bear upon the mystery of Ethel's birth. What could this dark, poor-looking creature tell her? Was she in danger of losing all? Was she to be confirmed in her possessions? Cool as the young lady was by nature, she felt her color come and go; her heart throb hardly leaving her side.

"I can assure you that which you have all ready; I can fix your title to money and estates in Cuba which will more than double your present wealth."

"How?" asked Myra, under her breath.

"That is my secret. It is a secret for which you will have to pay me well—well, liberally, extravagantly! But then you will be able to pay me well. All I ask is a thousand dollars now, and one tenth—reflect, what a trifle, one tenth!—of the property which I shall make it in your power to claim."

"That might prove to be a large sum!"

"Ay, but your portion will be nine times larger!" Let me tell you first, Myra Wainwright, that I have come to you first, for a reason of my own; but that, if I am dissatisfied with you, I will go to the *Brave Barbara*, etc.

"But you cannot give her what is *mine*!"

"Ay, is it *yours*? Do no doubts trouble you? Are there none to labor in your cousin's cause?"

"I am not gainsaying you," asserted Myra, beginning to tremble.

"When I shall be married to him, I will be the heiress of the *Brave Barbara*, etc. The woman again glanced about the room, went to the two doors—each of which closed behind soft blue draperies so as to appear part of the wall—dropped off her ugly shawl and stood before the heiress looking quite another.

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sinking of the heart, "to be duped into letting her go! It was all a *ruse* on her part, taking the car. Doubtless she returned to the river as soon as she could, unobserved, and threw herself in! I saw self-murder in her white face. I almost fear as if her death lays at my door."

Evelyn did, indeed, feel terribly agitated in recalling that perhaps if he had passed by without watching her, he might have saved a human life. But, it would do good to brood over the unreconciled. He was to start at noon, on a steamer bound for Havana, and on which his passage was already taken, on his curious errand—like that of some medieval knight—of righting the wrongs of his fair lady.

Surely, his impulse and his purposes were as pure and gallant as those of any plumed knight who ever fought in a maiden's cause. Webster Evelyn might never have taken the fancy of a romantic girl, like one of those graceful heroines of the tournament, as he stepped out of Mr. Dobell's office, buttoning about his tall figure his frayed overcoat; but at heart he was the noblest of noble cavaliers.

He set out on his search with absolutely no clue to what he sought, except the fact that Cyril Wainwright had married a Cuban lady, in such a year; and had returned on such another year, saying that he was a widower, and bringing with him a little girl of two years, who, he said, was his daughter, and always treated as such until the day of his death; but whom, in his will, he declared not to be his daughter, and so had disinherited her.

It had seemed strange to Mr. Dobell, when he first set out to make inquiries about Mr. Wainwright's early life, that in reality his most intimate friends knew so little on the subject. Everything had been left to guess.

Cyril Wainwright had been an only child; his father had been a highly-respected merchant of the city, and had sent his son, at the age of twenty-three, down to Cuba, to attend to some sugar interests which he had there.

Cyril's nearest friends could only recall, when questioned, that his father had died while the son was in Cuba; that Cyril was said to have married the daughter of a wealthy planter; that he had been called home on the death of his father, and had returned, in deep distress, having also lost his wife, not a month before; and that he brought with him his little girl, Ethel; and had, from that time, lived entirely in his Philadelphia home, devoted to his daughter, and the memory of his wife who had died in her youth, and for whose sake he had never again married. That when his brother failed in business, and afterward died, he invited his brother's daughter, Myra, to share his home, and be a companion for Ethel.

It was a suspicious point that, on questioning Ethel, she could not reveal her mother's family name, and that there was no record of it among Mr. Wainwright's papers.

Mr. Dobell had been forced to the conclusion that Ethel's appearance on the stage was due to some love-affair in which the young merchant had become entangled with some one far below him in the social scale. But he might, indeed, have even misrepresented the real character of his alliance in order to bring home this child as his own; but, why, in that case he should have brought the child and reared her as his daughter and heiress, puzzled the lawyer.

Of course, he had not betrayed his suspicions to Ethel.

It was this fact that Mr. Wainwright had always treated the girl as his daughter and legal heir, which fastened itself in Evelyn's mind.

He loved that unhappy, disinherited young lady. For the love he bore her, in silence and without return, he had resolved to do all that a sharp, patient lawyer could do to ascertain what her position really was, and to look for some good cause for an attempt to break the will and restore to her what she had lost.

And so he sailed for Cuba without even the encouragement of feeling that she wished any one to interfere.

When the New Year came in, Evelyn was in Cuba. Coralie Clyde was as completely lost as if she had soared to the sky, and John Garwell, in the desperate necessities of his situation, was devoting himself to a woman whom he despised far more than he loved—Myra Wainwright.

Coralie's flight had placed him in an awkward and uneasy plight. The creditors whom he had silenced with fair promises came about him again like a swarm of wasps. His father, to whom he had turned, had appealed very angrily with him; would not advance ten dollars beyond the sum necessary for his daily wants, and even threatened to turn him out of his house. In this desperate plight he naturally recalled the flattering preference of Miss Myra for himself.

He had fancied sweet little Coralie well enough to be satisfied to compel her to become his wife; but the vain, selfish Myra he had studied and fathomed only to despise. However—something had to be done! Behind him, on New Year's evening at her feet!

Scarcely two weeks since Coralie's disappearance, yet she was already the suitor of another, and wealthier lady!

That first day of the New Year had been a long, miserable day to Ethel. As when we first saw her standing by the window in the first agony of her father's illness, so she stood now for hours—a little back from the view of the hundreds of "callers" who thronged that fashionable street—staring, with strange, bright, feverish eyes at the glittering equipages rolling by. This gay, outside world was so changed to her from what it had been, a year ago!

She knew that John Garwell came often to see Myra. She now knew him as he was—an unprincipled man; but it is almost as hard to root out a dead love as a living one—and to tear the scabbed heart from a worn-out human heart gave her many a fierce pang, notwithstanding her respect for him was dead.

John Garwell had opened the one sweet fountain in Myra's spirit; for him it shone clear and full.

The brief wintry afternoon of New Year's day, so briefly on The Wainwrights, owing to their moun-

A servant came to call Miss Ethel to the five o'clock dinner. She was cold and pale, and had eaten nothing since breakfast; but she felt as if the sight of the table with Myra at its head would be hateful to her; so she lingered a few minutes where she was; then went slowly down the broad stairs; but, when she reached the main hall it required more firmness than she had left to keep on in the dining-room.

She turned and entered the little boudoir back of the double drawing-rooms. It was dark there, and peaceful. The windows of the boudoir faced the west. Through the parted long silk curtains came the light of a just-risen full moon, whose warm flush of sunset was reflected coldly with the worn flush of sunset. Ethel, choking down her tears—lonely, desolate, sick—slipped in here, went to one of the windows, dropped the heavy curtains behind her, and stood there a long, long time, in a dream-world illuminated by moonlight—a world once sweet as June, but gaudy and frozen now, like the poor rose-bushes which rattled their icy branches against the pane.

"Alone! alone! Oh, I wish I were dead!" whispered her dry lips, as she lifted her beautiful, pallid face—like marble in that silver light—to the far-off heaven.

Poor Ethel! she knew nothing of the one brave, honest heart which loved her with true manly love—the love that protects, that reveres, that works for its idol. She never gave a thought to the poor young lawyer who was serving her, or trying to serve her, with his best effort.

Absorbed in her own intense emotions, she did not hear or see the entrance of two people into the moonlit boudoir.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 412.)

### UNCLE REMUS'S CORN-SHUCKING SONG.

"OH! GO 'WAY, SINDY ANN!"

BY J. C. HARRIS.

Oh, de fus' news you know de day'll be a-breakin' (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bangol!) An' de fer be a-burnin' an' de aske-a-bakin' (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bangol!) An' de hen'll be a-hollerin' and de bo'sll be a-warnin' (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bangol!) Better git up, bigger, an' give yo'se a-shakin' (Hey O! Hi O! Miss Sindy Ann!)

Oh, honey w'en you see dem ripe stars a-fallin' (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bangol!) Oh, honey w'en you hear de rain-crow a-callin' (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bangol!) Oh, honey w'en you hear de squinch-owl a-hootin' (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bangol!) Den de daytime's a-comin', a-creepin' an' a-crawlin' (Hey O! Miss Sindy Ann!)

CHORUS.

Per de los' ell-an'-yard is a-huntin' for de mornin', (Hi O! Hi O! Git' long! go 'way!) An' she'll ketch up widus' fo' we ever git dis corn in— (Oh, go 'way, Sindy Ann!)

Oh, honey w'en you see dem ripe stars a-fallin' (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bangol!) Oh, honey w'en you hear de rain-crow a-callin' (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bangol!) Oh, honey w'en you hear de squinch-owl a-hootin' (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bangol!) Right den she's a-comin', a-skippin' an' a-scootin' (Hey O! Miss Sindy Ann!)

Oh, honey w'en you hear de rain-crow a-fallin' (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bangol!) W'en you see Miss Moon turnin' pale an' gittin' sicker— (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bangol!) Den it's time for to handle dat corn a little quicker— (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bangol!) Ef you wanta git a smilin' uv ole Master's jug er lieker— (Hey O! Miss Sindy Ann!)

You niggers ober dar! You better stop your dan'— (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bangol!) No use for to come a-huntin' down yo' corn-roots in— (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bangol!) No use fer to e'er a-fingin' yo' can't-in' (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bangol!) Kazin' ain't no time fo' yo' puttin' on yo' prancin' (Hey O! Miss Sindy Ann!)

Mister Rabbit see dis fox an' he sass um an' he jaws um— (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bangol!) Mister Fox ketch de rabbit, an' he scratch um an' he claws um— (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bangol!) An' he t'as off de hide, an' he chaws um an' he gnaws um— (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bangol!) Same gal chawin' sweet gum and rozzum— (Hey O! Miss Sindy Ann!)

Oh, work on, boys! give dese shucks a mighty ring—in— (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bangol!) 'Fore de bo's come aroun' a-dangin' an' a-dangin'— (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bangol!) Git up an' git up aroun'! set dem big han's ter swingin'— (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bangol!) Git up'n shout loud! let de white folks hear you singin'! (Hey O! Miss Sindy Ann!)

### The Poisoned Apple.

BY W. J. HAMILTON.

THE FEAST was high in Camelot, and the knights of King Arthur around that magical board which the skill of Merlin reared, drank to the health of Arthur and the peerless Queen Guinevere.

The stainless king, as he looked down the line of noble faces, felt that his work had been well done. In all that fair assembly there was not one knight who had not earned his place by deeds of prowess with lance, sword, mace or battle-axe. There sat Lancelot du Lac, the knight so matchless in arms, who had but one stain upon his honor; Gawaine, ready of wit, brave as a lion, second only to Lancelot and the king; Tristram, whose mournful eyes seemed looking ever across the narrow seas to Cornwall's coast, the seat of King Lot and the Fair; Pellinore, Geraint, and many more, the least the peer of kings and princes of any other land.

On the right hand of the queen sat a guest from Scotland, a man repudiated valiant as the best, who had come on a strange errand. Men said that, leagued with Modred, the evil brother of King Arthur, he sought to trail the fame of Guinevere in the dust, and from time to time her glorious eyes fell on him with a strange, intent look, as if she would have read his very soul.

"I make you welcome, Sir Hector," she said, at last. "Men speak well of thy valor, and ere you turn again to the hills of Scotland, I fain would see you bearing back to me before the queen and our valiant knight, and we have many."

"I will meet them as I may, fair queen," he said, "the best can do no more."

The queen looked down the board, and saw near her hands, upon a silver dish, a heap of delicious apples. Selecting one, as a mark of favor, she laid it in the hand of Sir Hector.

"Thou hast been taught to love the simple fruit of the earth," she said. "Take this from my hand, fair knight."

The rugged Scotchman looked at the fruit with a strange smile.

"The fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, as our legends say," he answered. "With this our first mother tempted Adam; and, yet, she was already the suitor of another, and wealthier lady!"

Scarcely two weeks since Coralie's disappearance, yet she was already the suitor of another, and wealthier lady!

The feast went on, and the knight ate the apple given him by the queen. All at once there came a horrible gurgling cry, and Sir Hector was seen upon his feet, clutching at his throat, as if choking.

"Poisoned!" he cried. "My death lie heavy on you traitress; by your hand I die."

"No, no!" cried Guinevere. "As I live by bread I knew not this."

"False witness!" cried Modred, ever ready to do any evil; "this good knight spoke the truth, for many here saw you place the apple in his hand."

"I did, I did!" was the reply; "but God is my judge that I knew not of the poison. If he died through this, I knew nothing of it."

At this moment the clash of arms was heard, and a knight of noble presence, preceded by a herald, strode into the hall. All recognized the blazon which he bore, the mountain cat leaping over his lance, and knew that he was one of the household of Sir Hector. As he drew up his visor he revealed a haughty face, very like that of the man who lay dead beside the great table. He was about to speak, when his eyes met upon that dead face, which, with its protruding tongue and staring eyes, seemed to mock him.

"I come in good time, oh my brother," he cried, falling on his knees beside the body. "I was warned that evil would come to us here. Now lies thou here, cold and dead; but at least I may avenge thee."

He bounded to his feet with an ominous clash of arms, and turned to King Arthur, stretching out his mailed and sinewy arm.

"Hear, oh king!" he cried; "hear, ye knights of Arthur! Evil was the hour when my brother Hector turned his back to your honor, set foot on this unhallowed floor. My brother's blood cries for justice, and justice I will have, if I can it by the strong hand."

"Justice shall have, Sir Evan," replied the king, "even though the proof should strike

down one dearer to me than life itself. Break up the banquet! To the hall of judgment!"

"Lay hands upon her first," said Modred, sternly. "I accuse her, that murderer! Queen Guinevere, who would do this to this good knight, Sir Hector of Liddesdale."

"Let no man accuse her save myself," shouted Sir Evan, who had been speaking in a hurried tone to Modred. "This noble prince will bear me witness, and I am ready to do battle to the death with any man, your best and bravest, who dares say that she hath not slain my brother by poison."

"To the judgment-hall!" repeated Arthur, proudly. "If this be proved, I have no queen, and she is nothing more to me than to any common malefactor. Come, I say; to judgment!"

They passed through the lofty halls of the castle, followed by a dozen armed men who led among them the accused. Her face was ghastly pale, for innocent or guilty she saw well that it would be hard to prove that she had not slain the knight. In the great judgment-hall sat the twelve lawgivers, and in the center rose the great throne upon which King Arthur sat when giving judgment. The face of the noble king was set in stern resolve as he went up the dais and seated himself in the place of honor.

"Place the accused at the bar!" he said, and the shrinking queen, with her golden hair falling about her in a rippling flow, and her pale face cast down, was led forward.

"Who accuseth this woman?" demanded King Arthur. "Let me speak."

"I, Evan of Liddesdale, prince in my own realm, do avow on my knightly honor that Queen Guinevere hath slain my brother by poison. And this I will uphold, with lance, mace, or dagger, under knightly shield, against any man who dares to say that she is innocent, even the king himself."

"Sir Evan," was the proud reply. "I sit here as a judge, not to do battle for those accused of foul crimes. Doubtless, if she is innocent, God will raise her up a champion; if guilty, let her bear the blame and punishment."

"Thus I accuse her, oh, king!" cried Evan of Liddesdale. "There I throw down my gauntlet for to him who dares to take the sword for foul murd'rers."

Sir Lancelot had already taken a step to raise the glove, when Modred spoke:

"Touch it not, Sir Lancelot. I demand from the king that this knight, who is even as guilty as the queen, shall not take up the sword for her."

"It is just," said the king, coldly. "Go, Sir Lancelot, you may not be her champion."

Sir Lancelot looked wildly at the king, and reading the stern resolution in his eyes, uttered a cry of pain, and fled from the judgment-hall, like one demented.

"See, see!" cried Modred. "Thus the guilty fly before their accusers."

"Be silent, my brother," commanded the king. "Speak, Guinevere; what say you to the charge?"

"I am innocent, oh, king," she cried. "I had no hand in the death of this knight."

The king inclined his head slowly, and ordered her to be removed from the room while he consulted with the judges. Not long after she was brought in, and the king pronounced judgment.

"This is the sentence of your judges, Guinevere," he said, in a sad tone. "From the morning until the setting of the sun you will stand at the stake with the fagots piled about you. If a champion appears in your behalf, well; if not, when the sun goes down, the hand of the executioner shall light the pile. God aid you, and give you a champion!"

The morning came, bright and fair, and in the open plain outside the walls of Camelot, where the sun was held, the fated queen stood bound to the stake. All about her in a great circle, held back by the lists, was a vast multitude, waiting for the end.

The king, covered from head to foot, even to his face, sat upon his throne at one side of the lists. At the upper end Sir Evan had set up his shield before his tent, waiting for the man who dared to strike at the death of Guinevere, while he lay within his tent, armed at all points, ready to do battle.

The day wore on, the sun passed meridian, and yet no man had dared to lift the hand of the accused. Nearly all believed her guilty, some doubted only, and not one had sufficient faith in her innocence to take up arms in her behalf, since Lancelot had been driven away.

Guinevere, in agony, looked at the declining sun. Guilty or innocent she had hoped that her sweet face, and the royal kindness she had shown to many, would have earned her one friend. But at this time, not one of the family of Lancelot or her own brothers, were in or near Camelot, and so strong was the suspicion that she had not one friend.

It was growing later, and as the sun slanted from the sky a murmur of expectation was heard, and the multitude swayed to and fro as if moved by a mighty wind.

"Not one friend, not one!" sadly sighed the queen. "Lancelot, Lancelot, the only one who would have fought in my behalf, right or wrong, has been driven from me. And Arthur, my king, sits there with covered face and will see me die."</

# THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE SURVEYORS' CAMP.

"YES, Kitsie," said Old Arkansaw, as he and Kit Bandy made their way back from the river into the woods. "that wife o' yours is a treasure—a genius. What woman ever born'd a' thought of makin' a canoe of her ambrilla, and sailin' out across a roarin' river?"

"Oh, yes; she's a jewel in your eye, Arkansaw, but if you'd a' had a red-hot skillet flapped over your head or a tater-masher driven into your diogyony as often as I have, you couldn't see anything smart in the old catapult that done the violence. Oh, I honestly wish the Ingine'd skulper her, dash her old picters; but instead o' that she's actly bein' pomped up and courted by the boy o' a White Crane. He's even promised her the position of queen if she'd give up the white people entirely. Lordy! what a queen she'd make! Knock the socks off Queen Victory of France. She's a doctor, and that's what makes the Ingine like her. She really does know somethin' bout pills and sickin' and has brought more'n one buck Ingine out o' the kinks a-flyin'. Oh! she's a sort of a goddess, and a free character 'mong them, and's haydoogins of friends. But she can't stand it always. She'll flap her heel ag'in the bucket some of these days, and then she'll call on Peter at the gates o' Paradise."

"Ah! you think she'll be an angel, do you?"

"She'll go through if she takes a notion in spite o' the doorkeeper's club. She's a will o' her own, has Sabina, and alers makes a way; and I reckon she'lloller me upon earth and off."

"She'lloller you, Kitsie, after you leave this mindsear, she'll catch blue-blazes with."

"She'lloller if she takes a notion, brimstone or no brimstone; but nebbey the devil and I both can head her off. But, lookeey here, Arky, suppose you and me visit this surveying camp and see what they're doin'. Somehow or other I can't reconcile myself to Surveyor Braash and Scientific Daymon. There's plenty o' royal ole cussedness crappin' out o' their eyes; but, arter all, everybody arn't villains because they're not as handsome and lovely and sweet-spirited as you and me, Arky. Do you know that?"

"That's so, Kitsie; but that's Silver Star that we must look arter, too; and, also, that dasted young feller with the sparryhawk cap and feather jacket. He's got that gal Elwe, 'bout which Silver Star talked so much; and, for some reason or other, he's threatened the life of the Boy Knight. I've an idea sneakin' under my skulp, Kit, that that Sparryhawk's not the clear quill."

"D'y'e think so, Arkansaw? Why? State yer reason, will ye?"

"Now, you know o' his mysterious comin' and goin'. Now, you know o' his knowin' a dashed thing 'bout where he belongs; and I've heard it hand hint, ed that he's the leader o' a gang o' robbers, and that his handle is Osman, the Outlaw!"

"Great horn that pulled old Jericho! D'y'e think that's a shudder of truth in it, Arky?"

"Couldn't swear that that is, but my own suspicion's what hinted it to me. A mule's head's not always stationary when the mule's asleep, Kit Bandy; so keep that in your pipe."

Thus conversing the two old bordermen pushed on through the forest in the direction of the surveyors' camp, and in the course of a few hours they came in sight of the place. It was located in a natural defensive position, and commanded a view in all directions. It was situated upon a high hill or knoll sloping off in all directions. The sides of this knoll were barren of vegetation, smooth and covered with a sandy soil; but upon its crest grew a little clump of trees and in among these the surveyors had pitched their camp.

Without any hesitation Old Arkansaw and Kit Bandy ascended the hill and entered the camp where they were met by Surveyor Braash and his men.

The scouts took in the camp at a glance. There were about fifteen men of different nationalities, and some of forbidding looks, in the party. All were armed to the teeth and looked as though they would as soon fight as eat. A wagon of the heavy military pattern, four draught mules and some twenty fine-looking saddle-horses and equipments comprised their outfit. As evidence of their business, there lay at one side a surveyor's staff, a compass, a theodolite, a Gunter's chain and pins, a flag-pole and other things pertaining to a first-class outfit of a surveying party.

"I am glad to meet you again, gentlemen," said Herman Braash, "and hope you will accept of the hospitality of our camp as long as you feel so disposed."

"Thank you, strangers," replied Bandy; "we're great guns for fun and good eatin'. We may, and we may not stay here awhile with you—till own't be a week."

"I thank you, gentlemen," said Professor Daymon, "to secure the assistance of one of you a few minutes in helping me make up the topography of this country. Whichever is the best acquainted with this vicinity will please step into my tent."

Kit Bandy motioned to Arkansaw to go with him, so the old scout followed him into the tent. The first thing the professor did was to take from an innocent-looking camp-chest a bottle of liquor and a small goblet and invite Arkansaw to drink. The old man touched the liquor lightly, and Daymon, after drinking himself, took a small, portable secretary from his chest and opening it drew a well-executed map of the White Earth river country therefrom. This he spread out before Arkansaw, and then said:

"I presume you can read and write, can you, Arkansaw?"

"Sorry to say, professor, that I don't know 'B' from 'A' for that. I used to have a hang of the letters, but as it alers seemed a waste of the raw material to be thinkin' 'em over, I let 'em go. I'll fill up my noggin with some good, useful reseats for burns, curin' pelties and such."

"Well, I don't know as the want of a knowin' of the alphabet will binder you giving me just as much information as though you had the learning of Humboldt. This map, now, embraces this country so far as the geographical dimensions are concerned; but many of the prominent features of the region are not indicated by location, and as we have to make a complete report, even to minute details, we must have the information to make it upon. To travel the country over would require much time and labor, and so we decided to call some one already acquainted with the lay of the land, as the saying goes."

"Yes, yes," said Arkansaw, gazing upon the map; "but what river's that, professor?" he said, pointing to a red line running north and south across the map.

"That's not a river, but an isothermal line," Arkansaw," explained the professor, smiling at the old man's childlike ignorance; "but now, let us conneint at the Sioux village and follow after the river. What are the general features of the country?"

"Wah, professor, I'm not very handy in makin' g'ography, but then I'll tackle it best I know how. After leavin' the Sioux village the country, for a ways, is level and lightly timbered, but after it gits into the vicinity of the Spirit Swamp it's tumbled up 'wuss than a trundled bed, and kivered with stunted pines and grubs, till ye can't rest. Then comes the Spirit Swamp—a nasty dismal hole; put her down, professor. That's more'n five hundred acres of it, and nothing but reeds and willers, and frogs grow and ripen there."

"Is it accessible by foot or by canoe?" asked the professor.

"They say it's navi-gateable for canoes, tho' I can't say we're enough for g'ography. You see the swamp buckles up against the north side of the river, put it down, professor; and a canoe could enter it from the White Earth. But as it's said to be the abode of spirits and goblins, put it down, professor, that Old Arkansaw Abe, who's not afraid to face death and destruction, could not be hired to enter it in broad day-light."

"Then you have never explored the swamp?" asked Daymon.

"Explored it! Heavens. I'd as soon think of explorin' purgatory. Why, perfesser, when I pass along the river when the Spirit buckles on to her, I feel cold and chokish. It seems as though the river is always blowin' over the swamp, and such a roar as them makes—why, I swar it makes a noise like a horse's raze on a dead nigger's head. Ol' Arky's deathless pill is the Spirit Swamp; put her down, professor."

For fully an hour Arkansaw continued his description of the country, and when Daymon had obtained all the information of this character desired, he turned the conversation upon other topics. The weather, the hunting, the Indians—all were fully discussed; and finally Daymon remarked, incidentally:

"We were all wonderfully worked up the other night, when encamped south of here, by the appearance of a dark spot against the clear sky. Many were the conjectures as to what it was, but none was right, for it proved to be a balloon. It was going north, and appeared to be settling toward the earth; but what became of it I know not."

"That was the night of the twenty-fust, weren't it?" asked Old Arkansaw.

"Let me see," said the professor, reflectively.

"I believe it was—yes, it was the night of the twenty-first; I remember now. Did you see it?"

"No, but Silver Star, the Boy Knight of the Peraro, did; and that's not all. The balloon was mighty down when he seed it, and he heard the ballooners quarrelin' like man and wife 'mone themselves 'bout somethin', and presently he saw a bundle loll down from the balloon with a rope. Then up went the air-boat, and the felers begun to quarral ag'in, and presently the boy saw somethin'—well, it was a man—threw out o' the balloon and come screamin' down through the air, and strikin' the ground, was mashed into a lump o' red liver. And that might be sich a thing that Silver Star's in his clutches."

"Wal, I mean to look around that Blackfoot camp, and keep an eye open," declared Arkansaw.

"Good heavens! do you believe it, Arkansaw?"

"Yes; Silver wouldn't lie."

"What became of the girl?"

"Well, Silver took charge of her—put her on his horse and started to the fort; but the Ingins got after 'em and he sent her on to the fort, and he dodged off afoot. But alas! the horse come through all hunkie, but that was no gal on his back."

"You don't tell!" exclaimed the professor; "then Silver Star doesn't know anything about her?"

"No, I know he don't."

"Do you have any idea where she is, Arkansaw?"

"If you can find the den of one Sparryhawk, a young trapper, or hunter or somethin', I think you'll find the gal there. I heard tell a person said he was the leader of a gang o' robbers, and that his handle is Osman, the Outlaw!"

"Great horn that pulled old Jericho! D'y'e think that's a shudder of truth in it, Arky?"

"Couldn't swear that that is, but my own suspicion's what hinted it to me. A mule's head's not always stationary when the mule's asleep, Kit Bandy; so keep that in your pipe."

"That's so, Kitsie; but that's Silver Star that we must look arter, too; and, also, that dasted young feller with the sparryhawk cap and feather jacket. He's got that gal Elwe, 'bout which Silver Star talked so much; and, for some reason or other, he's threatened the life of the Boy Knight. I've an idea sneakin' under my skulp, Kit, that that Sparryhawk's not the clear quill."

"D'y'e think so, Arkansaw? Why? State yer reason, will ye?"

"Now, you know o' his mysterious comin' and goin'. Now, you know o' his knowin' a dashed thing 'bout where he belongs; and I've heard it hand hint, ed that he's the leader o' a gang o' robbers, and that his handle is Osman, the Outlaw!"

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## THAT EARLY MUSTACHE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

What tongue can tell the joys that fill  
The heart of young Tom Dash  
When 'neath his nose the first fuzz shows  
Spotting out a mustache.  
He's broader than the richest man  
Could be with heaps of cash  
Over that brown first streak of down—  
That ghost of a mustache.  
Some day the girls will praise its curvies.  
Oh, frost, be not too rash,  
And touch one hair of promise there  
And spoil that dear mustache!  
A looking-glass he cannot pass,  
Even though there'd be a crash,  
For light and dark he looks to mark  
The growth of that mustache!  
How very slow it seems to grow!  
And should you call it trash,  
Or speak of it with touch of wit,  
The lightest mustache.  
Ask if that's dirt, and he'll feel hurt,  
And both his eyes will flash.  
The yield, indeed, shows but scant seed  
Planted for that mustache.  
He holds cold tea for fear that he  
Might scald and bring to smash  
That little crop upon his lip.  
He calls "his dear mustache."  
He longs to see the time when he  
Can twist it in a lash  
And lay it there across his ear—  
The prided, loved mustache.  
It never lacks for brush and wax,  
For this he spends some cash,  
But horrors, oh, how very slow!  
Waxes that dear mustache!

Pride of his looks! The barber's art  
Is now invoked by Dash  
To create and irons  
That fungus-like mustache.

The barbersilles and puts on oils—  
Dries warranted to wash.

And with many an ointment doth anoint  
That delicate mustache.

And though this youth, in very truth,  
Is large from eating hash,  
'Tis plain to see how much is he  
Wrapped up in that mustache!

## Post and Plain;

OR,

Rifle and Revolver in the Buffalo Range.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

## II.

## HOW TO SHOOT A PISTOL.

WHEN we stepped outside on the parade-ground of the fort we found that the snow had ceased, while the wind was blowing from a different quarter. The heavy gray clouds were scudding across the sky, low down, and the western horizon showed some patches of blue.

"We shall have a regular nipper-to-morrow," announced Bullard. "A north-west wind of the plains is no joke, I tell you. The thermometer will be sure to ten below zero, at least. Later in the season it will sink to forty."

"And how do you manage to keep warm?" asked Moore.

"Oh, it never blows hard when we're down for forty. I'd sooner have a still day with forty degrees than a north-wester with ten. It doesn't cut you to the bone. However, we'll not borrow trouble if we can help it."

We passed across the parade-ground, which was now dotted with figures. The men were coming out of their quarters and beginning to snowball each other, while officers were strolling from one house to another. We noticed that in the garrison every one wore some sort of uniform, and that the blue great-coats were universal.

We made our way toward the stables, along a path which had already been made by the garrison snow-plows. On the way we passed several officers, and in each case we had to stop and be introduced all round, a ceremony conducted with a great deal of bowing and hand-lifting, for officers of the army are above all things polite. Two or three joined us when they heard where we were going, and we soon reached the garrison practice-ground.

This lay in rear of the long rows of stalls that composed the cavalry stables, and it proved to be a corral which had lately been occupied by cattle and horses. Bruce told us it was the exercising-ground for the morning gallop of the horses.

It had been agreed beforehand that Captain Bullard, who had the reputation of being the best pistol-shot in the garrison, was to instruct those of us who were deficient, and Miles—Bruce's orderly—followed us with a heavy box of ammunition.

"Now, gentlemen," said the captain, as we stopped before the board target about six feet square, "I suppose you all know that there are two distinct kinds of shooting. We do the one with a pistol and a long cartridge anywhere from fifty to a hundred and fifty yards, and it's just the same as rifle-work. You have to bring your sights on a line and hold them there, being careful not to pull off. Miles, go and nail up a target."

Miles went to the board fence and nailed up a paper target just like those we had used at Litton for shot-gun practice.

"Now, gentlemen, fire away," ordered Bullard. "One shot apiece; and I'll bet a dollar no one makes a bull's-eye at fifty yards."

This proved quite correct. The two-inch circle of black which formed the bull's-eye was nothing but a black speck at fifty yards.

Moore was the first to fire, taking slow, deliberate aim at arm's length. Miles, who stood near the target in a pit, put out a long pointer and marked the shot in the paper, just at the top edge.

Charley Green followed, and got on the target a little nearer. Old Mart then advanced and put in a bullet within some three inches of the bull, and the rest of us had about the same luck, all on the target, but none nearer the bull than four or six inches, while most of us were at the edge of the paper.

Then Bullard began to speak:

"You see, gentlemen, yonder is a two-foot target covering more space than the vitals of any man. Now, if you can't drop a man except by a chance shot, I notice you all shoot the same way, at arm's length. That's all very well for quick shots at short range, but it won't do for accuracy. Look here."

He was standing with his left side toward the target as he spoke, the pistol dangling loosely in his right. We heard the click of the locks, and the next moment Bullard threw up his left elbow as high as his face, resting the thumb and fingers of his open left hand on his breast. Up came his pistol hand, and the barrel of the weapon rested on the raised elbow of the marksman. Hardly taking any aim he fired, and Miles's pointer came out of the pit and rested just under his eye.

"I didn't expect to hit the bull that time," said Bullard. "I was only showing you how to aim quickly and accurately. You see it took me less than three seconds to fire, and I came nearer the bull than any of you gentlemen, who aimed slowly and deliberately. Some of you took nearly half a minute to fire. You can shoot as well as I can, if you will just alter your position; that's all. Now, Mr. Moore, you take a shot. Observe me again, and then try. I raise the left elbow and put the fingers on the breast bone. That gives a hard rest with no pulse to disturb the aim. Hold your breath when you fire. You will find your front sight almost as mark. Aim correctly. See."

As he spoke, he fired; and Miles showed the white disk over the bull's-eye for the first time that day.

That's the whole secret of accurate shooting

with the pistol at long range," said Bullard. "Treat it as a rifle, and get all the rest you can."

We very soon found the benefit of his advice, and our shots began to cluster round the bull's-eye in close proximity. Jack Moore and old Mart, who were both good rifle-shots already, as we knew, made bull's-eyes, and the greenest of us found very little trouble in sighting correctly over the rest made by the left elbow. Before another round could be fired it became necessary to change the target, as the holes could no longer be distinguished apart. By the time it was dark we had satisfied ourselves that we could shoot straight with a pistol, and went back to our quarters with great content.

Bullard had promised to show us what he meant by "quick shooting," that evening, and invited our party into the cellar of his quarters for the purpose.

"These heavy carriages," he explained, "go strong, and send a bullet so fast, that it's not safe to practice above ground, unless there's a dead plain and no people behind the target, or else a bank to hold the balls. I've got a target made with a face as smooth as Ruth's own; but he wrote verses that made Ruth cry, and the head that he sketched of her was 'just lovely.'

Opposite them Will Hurst did damage to the charms of "Strawberry Fields."

Sam had the natural capriciousness of temper; but there was a steadiness in Will's gaze, when he chose to be serious, which made him stand just the least bit in awe of his displeasure, though she had never seen him manifest anger.

Everybody predicted that Will would some day develop into a "solid man" in business circles. This, and the fact that he had the only full-grown mustache in the party, may have made him attractive in the girl's eyes, though there had as yet been no love-passages between them.

Last came Ned Sawyer and the tall and rather stout Lou Barton.

Ned was short in build, with small hands and feet, light hair, light blue-gray eyes, and microscopic mustache; he played the piano with spirit, sung in a tenor voice, and waltzed divinely. It was probably his *elegance* that attracted the girl. On his side, he liked Lou because she was by all odds the most stylish girl the village could boast.

Any other of the village swains would have thought twice before catching this rather haughty young lady off her feet; but Ned, with a *young lady's* man's self-complacency, argued that if she ("or any of her folks") took offense, he had but to take his pick among the other village belles; they would all be glad enough to get him.

"And what if the pistol shoots over?" queried Charley Green.

"It will not 'shoot over,' as you call it. You are not to look at the sights at all."

"Then what are we to do?"

"I'll show you. In the first place, remember that this practice is for firing rapidly from a galloping horse at a galloping buffalo. You've no time to look at sights, and could not keep them steady if you had. You must point the barrel directly at the target, and when the marks, the bullet is sure to go straight, too."

"Isn't it getting rather dark? Hallo! it has clouded over!"

All looked up. The sky was a dull-gray pall of continuous cloud.

"Shouldn't it be if we had snow?" ventured Ned Sawyer.

"It will spoil all the skating. That's pleasant!"

Even as he spoke a white flake came fluttering down, then another, and another, until the air was full of the feathered crystals.

"Oh, how beautiful the snow!" laughed Nannie, holding up her hand to catch one.

"There, you see any one of those would have killed a man," he said. "Now, Mr. Moore, take your place and fire a shot. The rest follow, one after the other."

Jack Moore advanced, raised his pistol hastily and fired. A dull thud told he had missed.

"You took no aim," observed Bullard, quietly.

"But how the dickens can I aim?" asked Moore, snappishly. "I mustn't look at the sights."

"Of course not. But the sights are not the barrel. Remember that the ball goes straight out of the barrel at this range. It's only at the barrel that it begins to drop. Imagine your barrel is a stick, and try to point it straight at the target. Take your time. Aim slowly, but don't look at the sights."

Jack looked puzzled.

"I don't understand what you mean?" he protested.

"Well, then, we'll try Green," said Bullard.

"Come, Mr. Green, you fire a shot. You can commence at ten feet if you like."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 413.)

## Snow Lost and Love Won.

BY HAP HAZARD.

A MINNESOTA winter day—a cold, white sun in a steel-blue sky—an ice-mirror, eight miles by fifteen, bordered by snow-clad hills—a village—waiting "box-sleigh before the gate of a steep-roofed cottage—in the doorway, opening on a broad veranda, four pretty girls taking leave of a lady and gentleman of middle age—four gallants waiting on the steps.

"Come, girls! Come come!" cries Tom Barton, impatiently.

One little magpie detaches herself from the chattering girls, trips forward with a trill that a nymph might envy, looks laughingly into the four eager faces (having among them one undoubted and one debatable mustache, and one pair of "Burdines" in the first stages of development), shrugs her plump shoulders with a pretty shiver, and cries:

"Oh! we shall get our feet snowy!"

"Not if the court knows it!"

A pair of stout arms suddenly darted forward—there was a scream—and somebody was lifted from her feet and borne rapidly down the path and through the gate to the sleigh in spite of her protest:

"Lie down, you ruffian! How dare you do such a thing!"

"I dare do all that may become a man!" laughed Tom, as he placed her among the robes.

Then there was a muffled "Oh!"—a laugh from Tom, who started back not in time to escape a box on the ear which knocked off his cap—and somebody, with very rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, was left to readjust her fur cap and tippet.

Meanwhile Sadie Kingsford (a "strawberry blonde") had clapped her hands and cried:

"Oh! look at Nannie Hurst! Ha! ha!"

But her laugh ended in scream, as three twirling girls dashed up the steps, and one a twirling, bore away each his beautiful Sabine maiden, amid blinding shrill soprano and less shrill barytone.

Then there was a crash of bells, a flirt of snow, a great waving of handkerchiefs, and (when mamma and papa Barton had closed the door and gone back to the warmth of the glowing "base-burner") a happy cuddling in the warm robes.

Down the hill and out on the glassy surface of the frozen lake, where the throng of skaters gathered around the sleigh, some racing with the horses, some catching hold of the sleigh, some jumping upon the sides for a ride—all but less than thirty degrees below zero before morning.

*A night on the open trail meant death.*

Suddenly there was a crackling of the ice, a shout a hoandering of the horses, and a shout from the driver, mingled with screams from the ladies.

Thirty seconds later the little hand stood upon the ice in a group, their sleigh hopelessly wedged in the ice, one horse down with a broken leg and the other limping badly. A crack in the ice, which had caused one side to sink down, leaving an open space of water not more than two feet in the deepest part, had frozen over, but not strongly enough to hold the horses. Hidden by the snow they had run upon it, with the catastrophe described.

"There is no time for stopping here," said Tom. "The crack must be our salvation, by giving us a fixed guide. We can mount two girls, wrapped in the buffalo-robe, on the remaining horse, and two must walk, turn and turn about."

Tom displayed his dauntless courage; Will a stern fortitude that did not quail; Sam was

she crowned him she whispered: "Samson No. 2!" and almost choked with suppressed laughter.

There was one question to be satisfied on which Tom would have forsaken his meerschaum, with wit; did this coquettish little sprite ever have a serious moment when she could learn to love him? To-day was not the first time by a great many, that he had carried her in his arms; but he always got his hair pulled when he tried it. And when he asked her if she really did care anything for him, she arched her brows in mock dismay, and cried:

"Love such a great bear as you? No, indeed! I have a great bear of you!"

Nannie to them, along the same side of the "box" sat meek little Ruth Paxley and her gallant, Sam Gardner.

She looked at him shyly out of the corner of her eye, and blushed every time he spoke to her; and during that awful moment when he was carrying her to the sleigh she would have died of shame had not she been kept in countenance by the other girls, who were "in the same fix." Sam was a harmless young man with a face as smooth as Ruth's own; but he wrote verses that made Ruth cry, and the head that he sketched of her was "just lovely."

Opposite them Will and Ruth ride first," said Lou, taking the arm of her escort, who now yielded to her direction.

"Wrap them up well," cautioned Tom, and she was forced with Nannie at his side.

"Midnight," he said to her, "I'd carry you, if I had a robe to wrap you up in; but without you can only keep your blood in circulation by walking."

"You're always good, Tom," she replied, pressing his arm; and after a pause: "Tom, we may not live to see another day together."

"Tut! tut!" began Tom; but she interrupted him.

"It is true, isn't it?"

"There is such a possibility, certainly. I suppose I may as well admit it."

"Tom, I want to tell you something. I may never have another opportunity. Stoop down."

He complied.

Suddenly raising on tiptoe she kissed him on the lips.

"There, Tom," she said, "I want to tell you with my own lips, before I have lost the power, that though I have tensed you so mercilessly, I have loved you all along. Oh, Tom! I have slept with your picture at my lips, and wakened with sheer happiness at the thought that you loved me best in all the world. I wish I had told you this long ago, Tom, and made you happy during the time I have wasted in tormenting you."

"Why, you dear girl," murmured Tom, with tears in his eyes, "you have made me the happiest fellow in the world for over a year."

"Always, Tom, when I have seen pain in your eyes, sometimes when I have ached for you. Oh! if I had been kept in such uncertainty for a year, I know I should have died!"

"Of course I always knew that you must really love me; but I confess that it is a little more satisfying to hear you say so," admitted honest Tom.

A new phase in the character of his lady-love was now disclosed to him. Who would have believed that so much tenderness lay hidden beneath such levity?

Surely Tom stopped with a suppressed cry.

"What is it, Tom?" asked Nannie.

"Midget," said Tom, in a strange voice, "if we get out of this will you marry me?"

"Oh! Tom. How can you ask such a question on the very brink of the grave, maybe?"